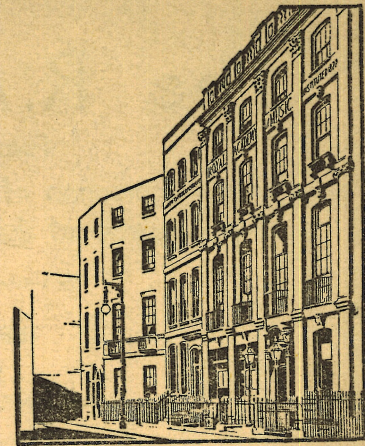


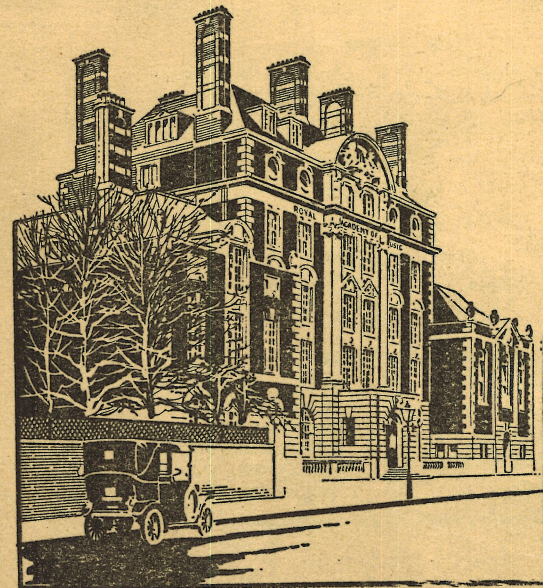
"Sing unto God."



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Byrd, Weelkes, and the English Elizabethan School.

BY CYNTHIA C. COX.

WM. BYRD, 1543 (or 1542)—1623.

THOS. WEELES, circa 1575—1623.

This year—1923—marks the tercentenary of two musicians in a great and too-neglected period of English musical history. One of them is typical of a number of his contemporaries—a sound musician, whose work, though variable, is never poor, and not infrequently rises to heights which entitle him to an honourable place in the roll of posterity; the other is not only one of the greatest masters England has ever produced, but one who may be numbered with the great musicians of all ages and countries. The first of these is Thomas Weelkes, the second, William Byrd.

In celebrating the tercentenary of Byrd, we are led to the consideration of a period when England held a leading place among the music-loving nations of Europe, and musicians of all countries looked to us; when music was both loved and

practised among all persons of culture ; when composers were as plentiful as poets, and though not all of equal merit, produced an astonishing amount of worthy work and not a little that is really great.

This wonderful period, the glory of English music, should be of particular interest to us to-day, for various reasons. First, because we hope that at no very distant date England may regain the position in the musical world into which she came so triumphantly in the later XVI. Century, and which she lost so utterly after the death of Purcell about a hundred years later. In the awakening consciousness of our musical powers, in the hope of a future as brilliant as this chapter of our past, we instinctively turn our glance back over the path we have trodden, and realise, some of us almost for the first time, what great masters we have had and how completely we have forgotten them.

Furthermore, certain technical reasons make the music of this time especially interesting to English musicians of the present day. For example, tonality, whose laws have dominated music from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, was, in the sixteenth, as yet vague, shifting, undefined; twentieth century musicians, already chafing under its limitations and beginning to slough off its restrictions, naturally find attractive this free unfettered music that wanders from major to minor effects, guided only by laws of melody and interval.

Similarly, the free elastic rhythm of the sixteenth-century music should have a particular charm for the musician of to-day, to whom the regular bar, the neatly punctuated phrase and symmetrical sentence of the last two centuries are becoming abhorrent. (The pre-Palestrina music is in the main too remote to be loved for its intrinsic beauty apart entirely from its historic interest and the very quaintness of its archaism, but the writings of the XVI. Century appeal to modern ears still as music, not merely as history.)

The story of the English madrigal-writers of the later sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries has its origins in the English music of the preceding forty or fifty years. The contrapuntal skill and artistic ideals of John of Dunstable in the previous century had a far-reaching influence on his contemporaries, particularly on the Flemish composers, who quickly assimilated all he had to teach them and developed considerably along his lines. It was to Flanders that the English musicians of fifty years later turned again for guidance, and it is the maturer style of the Netherland composers that first served as model for Tye and Whyte. The English writers, however, in turn soon outstripped their

Flemish masters, and the later music of Tye and practically all that of Whyte and Tallis is finer than anything produced by the Flemish school of the same period, excepting only the work of Orlando di Lasso. These three men, Tye, Whyte, and Tallis, together with a number of lesser composers, maintained English religious music at a very high level (secular vocal music being more or less in abeyance during the Reformation period); of these, Tallis may be ranked as a not unworthy third after his two famous contemporaries, Orlando di Lasso and the great Palestrina. It was the composers of the next generation, who, while pursuing in sacred music the same lofty ideals that had animated their predecessors, also turned their attention to secular choral music, at the same time laying the foundations both of solo vocal and of instrumental—particularly keyboard—music. Of this age, Byrd, himself a pupil of Tallis, bears the greatest name, and may be said to typify in himself the whole period and its varied achievement.

Little is known of the lives of any of these men. Byrd, who was born in 1542 or 1543, seems to have been a native of Lincoln. He held the post of organist at the cathedral there for a time, later coming to London as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal and sharing with his godfather and former master, Tallis, the post of organist there. He was also associated with Tallis in the monopoly granted them jointly by Queen Elizabeth for the printing and selling of music and music-paper. He lived to the age of eighty, so that his life roughly covers the period known as the "Madrigalian Era."

Byrd's genius was extraordinarily versatile; he wrote church music, madrigals and pieces for the virginal and viols, and though the mass of his finest work is contained in his religious music, he can handle the other forms at times with no less mastery. The field he seems to have explored least is that of the solo song, which, with lute accompaniment, was just coming into being. He has, however, left one or two examples of this form—among them the exquisite little "Lullaby"—as well as a few duets.

The virginal music of the period is naturally on a very different level from that of the choral music, for whereas that is at the height of its development, the former represents essentially pioneer work. Judged by later standards, Byrd's achievement in this direction seems slight enough; nevertheless his little virginal pieces are not only interesting in themselves, but show a feeling for balance and design as well as for key-board writing, that places him among the first writers of his day for this instrument (his compeers being Farnaby, Gibbons, and the virtuoso-composer, Dr. John Bull). He has

also left a fine sextet for viols, as an example of his power in concerted writing.

His madrigals contain some of his least interesting work, but here, too, he can excel, as in "This Sweet and Merry Month of May," and the beautiful 5-part "Lullaby, my Sweet Little Baby."

It is when we come to consider his religious music that Byrd's true greatness is revealed. In spite of his holding appointments at Lincoln Cathedral and the Chapel Royal, he was inclined to the old Romanist faith, though he must have been a tolerant man of broad views, for he wrote for both English and Roman Church rites, and seems equally at ease with masses and services, Latin motets and English anthems. Grandeur, majesty, tenderness, joy, serenity, pathos, and rugged force—all find expression in Byrd's church music; he has a strong dramatic sense, which, however, he never allows to betray him into anything out of harmony with religious feeling. As is commonly the case with composers of the English school, his masses are less serenely, purely lovely than those of Palestrina, but they are more human and intimate. He claims, and justly, to have "framed the music to the life of the words," so that his sacred music has not the same tranquil detachment and impersonality that pervades the work of the Italian school.

"Byrd was the one English Church musician whose work was known on the Continent." He was in truth a very great man, and it is to our shame that so little of his work is heard in our churches or concert halls. His contemporary, Morley, says of him that he was "never without reverence to be named of musicians." Unfortunately, for two centuries he has been little named at all—with or without reverence—by any save a small proportion of musicians. May it be the privilege of the Twentieth Century to remedy the matter.

Turning for a moment to Thomas Weelkes, who also died in 1623, we are confronted with a man of a very different type. Whereas Byrd is essentially a composer of religious music, Weelkes' work is almost entirely secular. He was one of the most original geniuses of his age, and his writing exhibits some most interesting tendencies. "His harmonic sense anticipated the harmonic principles of the generations up to Wagner, and he was almost the first of the sixteenth-century musicians to have the modern idea of form" (Sydney Grew).

Weelkes' best work was accomplished during his twenties and is "typical of the youthful mind" in its inequality, its daring originality, and its humour. Some of his ballets and ayres are of slight merit, but on the other hand, his "Cease

Sorrows Now" is pronounced by Walker to be "perhaps the finest three-part madrigal in existence."

Although Byrd and Weelkes are rather particularly under consideration just now, the other choral writers must not be overlooked. Wilbye and Morley represent the best of the madrigalists; while Bennet, Bateson, and others have left noble works. The greatest of the church composers after Byrd is Orlando Gibbons, while Mundy also deserves far more consideration than he has hitherto received. When we consider that besides these there are a great number of lesser men and that the general level of achievement was a very high one, we are overwhelmed by the greatness of this period—and, alas, by the depth of our ignorance of it.

The tercentenary of Byrd has been celebrated in many ways in England this year. The highest honour we can do these great men of the Elizabethan era is—to sing their music, to rescue it from its long and undeserved oblivion, to realise its beauty for ourselves instead of from books—in other words, to make it our own; and in founding an A Cappella Choir the R.A.M. has chosen the most effective way of bringing this wonderful music within reach of its students.

There has been of late a revival of interest in the Elizabethan music; the publication of the "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book" some years ago, and the recent editions of the English Madrigal School, the Lutenists, and the Church Composers are all signs of this. Much of the music is thus being made accessible to us: it remains for us to make use of it. We need not be afraid of its antiquity; the writings of Byrd and Weelkes are as lovely to-day as they appeared to their Elizabethan hearers.

All shades of human emotion are portrayed in the works of the madrigalists, all shades of religious feeling in those of Byrd and Gibbons, but with a freshness and naivety and a pure beauty that we have forgotten in the passion, the striving and the turmoil of our age. Parry's description of the music of this time may fitly conclude this article: "The century which followed, up to the beginning of the XVII. century, was the period of the youth of modern music—a period most pure, serene, and innocent—when mankind was yet too immature in things musical to express itself in terms of passion or of force, but used forms and moods of art which are like tranquil dreams and communings of a man with his inner self, before the sterner experiences of life have quite awakened him to its multiform realities and vicissitudes."*

* C. H. H. Parry: "Evolution of the Art of Music," Chap. V.

Distribution of Prizes.

ON JULY 25TH, 1923.

His Royal Highness THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN, K.G., the President, who gave away the prizes, was received on arrival by the members of the Governing Bodies of the Academy.

The proceedings opened with a performance of the following programme :—

PART SONGS FOR { "Fly, singing bird, fly" } Elgar
FEMALE VOICES { "The Snow" }

THE CHOIR

Conductor, Mr. HENRY BEAUCHAMP, Hon. R.A.M.
Violinists, Messrs. JEAN PUGNET and ALFRED CAVE.
Accompanist, Mr. IFOR JONES.

SONGS { "A Piper" } ... Michael Head
 { "The Sea Gipsy" }

Mr. ROY RUSSELL

Accompanist, Mr. MICHAEL HEAD.

THE VIOLIN CLASSES—

SARABAND (FROM FOUR DANCE-MEASURES, Op. 80, No. 3)...Mackenzie
MOTO PERPETUO Paganini

Conductor, Mr. ROWSBY WOOF, F.R.A.M.
Accompanist, Mr. GERARD MOORAT.

DUET FOR TWO { "The Bees' Wedding" ... Mendelssohn } Arr. by
PIANOFORTES { Waltz in D flat ... Chopin } F. Corder
Miss DENISE LASSIMONNE and Miss BETTY HUMBY.

THE PRINCIPAL said: Your Royal Highness, Ladies and Gentlemen, after the year of exceptional exertion—not to say effervescence—that natural desire for a return to "tranquillity," which has also been expressed, I believe, in another place, has been gratified, at least in our case; and the account of our artistic and other behaviour which it is customary to offer on these occasions need not unduly delay the pleasant function at which His Royal Highness has again so graciously consented to preside, to our great appreciation of his kindness and interest. That the past twelve months have brought a continuance of that public confidence enjoyed—and I hope merited—for so long, needs no further evidence than a glance at this agreeable panorama. Were it not for the fact that it was not reasonably possible to conscientiously receive more, this goodly assemblage of human units, from all parts of the world, might have been even larger. As it is, much time and thought have been spent on the endeavour to increase the accommodation and comfort of the students, who doubtless realise the fact. As to the educational and artistic results, I am satisfied that better work has never been done in the Academy by its staff of eminently experienced teachers; nor has their instruction ever been taken greater advantage of by so many eager and serious-minded pupils. Just now, they may not exactly look it, so please take my word for it. Certain necessary additions and improvements upon the curriculum I shall briefly touch on presently. All measures likely to heighten its educative value are being, in turn, considered by the management, with the help and approval of the Directors. Meanwhile, you may look upon the conclusion of this, the first year's approach to the second

Centenary Celebrations, with quite justifiable reliance. May the Principal of that day be in a position to express herself in a similarly hopeful manner. Oh, that possibility is by no means an unthinkable one! It is to be regretted that you may not be relieved from the enumeration of several deplorable events which justly call for longer and more comprehensive mention than I dare devote to them just now. So long as health was granted, the late Viscount Portman kept in close touch with us, and we deeply regret the loss, goodwill and support of a most amiable Vice-President. And the last of the Directors who cordially greeted and helped me when first assuming office here passed away in the genial person of George Treherne. The familiar figure of that old friend, whose Celtic enthusiasms were so widely spread over much more than Art, Literature, and Law, will not be forgotten by those who realised his devotion to the welfare of the school which he delighted in serving for over forty years. There is another removal which, apart altogether from the loss of a deep and encouraging interest in Art generally, and in ours particularly, also touches me personally more than I can venture to speak about. That the unexpected death of a Director, Sir James Dewar, robbed Science of its brightest ornament is universally acknowledged. We knew the great chemist-inventor as a fast friend, whose last words in our midst, at the Centenary banquet, were based on his own experience in boyhood. He said: "The aptitudes that any child would acquire from musical cultivation even of the simplest kind through co-ordination of mind, brain, and muscle would never leave him, and would be of great importance in after life." He firmly believed in that, and, as a fact, just missed being brought up as a musician himself. But what our Art lost, the world gained. Keenly interested in opera, he was—with Lady Dewar—a very liberal contributor to the fund which we mean to devote to its service. Nor has the staff remained untouched. The knowledge of a long period of illness from which Miss Annie Child was mercifully relieved has not tempered the grief of her loving students, who now wish to found a memorial to her worth. I believe that that memorial is very near its completion. It requires very little more to achieve its object. The influence for good which she shed here will be as lasting as the affection of her memory. The names of two other professors must yet be added to the sad list; those of our gentle-natured colleague, William Henry Thomas, and of Adolf Borsdorf, equally celebrated as master-performer and teacher of the horn. I may now draw that dark curtain, and welcome the coming of the Right Honourable the Marquis of Carisbrooke and of Major Lowden Greenlees, who have been good enough to accept the Directors' invitation to join their Board. Entering the "Inner Circle," there is much that might tempt a less considerate speaker to a prolonged trial of your patience, if not confined strictly to essentials. To relieve pressure, it was deemed advisable to form a new class to provide more opportunities for practice in ensemble playing, as well as to extend the experience of the very many advanced pianists in the beautiful realm of chamber music. In addition to the regular choir a new one has been formed for the purpose of studying the unaccompanied works by the masters of the great choral period. This *A Cappella Choir* is a voluntary one, and has already given several excellent examples of its skill under Mr. Ernest Read. You all know that. And long before being informed that the state of music in this country is about as bad as it can possibly be, and among other similar encouragements, that orchestras were almost non-existent, an elaborately-planned course of training for young conductors had been started. So far from being down-hearted, or suffering from what the psycho-analysts call "fear-complex," these cheerfully stimulating utterances and prognostications shall not deter the steady continuation of progressive endeavours in this, or any other, necessary

direction. In this very connection I am reminded that my own labours have been greatly relieved by the return of a most distinguished ex-student to his old school, and in a capacity in which he shines so brilliantly. We all cordially welcome Sir Henry J. Wood. He now, and at some inconvenience to himself, shares with me the weekly rehearsals, and has taken over the responsibilities of the orchestral performances which take place on this platform. Be it said, that my lights—such as they still are—do not struggle against his younger and brighter beams, on the contrary, are unreservedly grateful for their genial assistance. On obvious grounds, a larger number of new professors have joined the staff than I can recall in a single year. These are:—For elocution, Mrs. Tobias Matthey and Miss Constance Newell; stage gesture and deportment, Mr. Cairns James; harmony, Mr. Adam Carse; and horn, Mr. Aubrey Brain; and for the teachers' training course, Dr. Robert White and Miss Susan Gairdner. There were also several temporary appointments which might be mentioned with great pleasure did time permit. Drawing near to the final stage of to-day's immediate business, the outcome of my own annual period of mental disturbance should now be revealed. From so big a dove-cote the selection of a single bird was never either an easy or too agreeable a task. It is now, as you will readily believe, less so than ever. But hitherto the choice of the winner of the "Dove Prize" has met with general approval, and I hope and believe that the award of that coveted distinction will be received in a like manner on this occasion. It now goes to one whose assiduity in several departments can certainly not be questioned in face of a brilliant accumulation of awards and prizes for singing, pianoforte, and drama, hardly acquired without very, very close application. For the moment it is enough to remind you students of the energetic help in the stage-management of the operatic performances given by Miss Dorothy Pattinson. While wishing to avoid any undue suspicion of native acquisitiveness, the pleasure which one must always experience when arriving at the tale of benefits and gifts to the Institution must be freely admitted. Composers, as you know, love a climax, and this one gratifies me very much in the making. Of valuable additions to our book and music cases there are several. There are Miss Annie Child's fine music library, also that of our committeeman, the late Colonel Finlay, kindly given by his wife. And the most useful present of a large collection of operas from our friend and director, Mr. Ludovic Foster. The veteran actress, Miss Genevieve Ward, who recited so splendidly to the R.A.M. Club very shortly before her death, left us a beautiful portrait of herself in the character of "Norma": a historical memento of a remarkable woman. Nor is a different element unrepresented in the list. To the Sports Club, our alert committeeman, Mr. Alfred J. Waley, has generously promised to present a challenge cup for competition, and on the first occasion the Tennis Club is to have the privilege of playing for it. Incidentally be it said, while I am on this subject, that the cup given last year by our erudite professor Harry Farjeon has, after hanging in a state of suspense—like Mahomet's coffin—between South Kensington and Marylebone for six months, a few days ago passed into the safe—I was going to say, but I won't—keeping of the Royal College of Music. It beats us—at cricket. While too ignorant to linger on the relative degrees of prowess exhibited in cricket, football (in which we excel), swimming, and tennis, I know that those matches have been most keenly contested. I have, however, been advised to urge our own young ladies to brush up their studies in the deep science of hockey. I am only saying what I have been told. There is no frivolous intention in this digression, for the wholesome spirit of rivalry has greatly strengthened the feeling of good comradeship between the students of the two schools, and brought them together on

many a pleasant and very amusing occasion. Further, the late George Treherne—himself very much of a "sport"—bequeathed by will the sum of one hundred pounds to the "Students' Aid Fund." And, finally, Miss Margaret Bache, sister of a very dear friend of my youth—the late Walter Bache—whose name has long figured here in connection with the "Liszt-Bache" Scholarship—left the handsome amount of two thousand eight hundred pounds, of which the income is to be used for the benefit or assistance of students at the absolute discretion of the committee. This, you see, in a wider sense represents yet another and greater contribution to that much-drawn-upon fund. By this generous action the memories of the great master Franz Liszt and that of his enthusiastic pupil, Walter, are linked in still closer bonds to the Academy. These remarks—incomplete as they must remain—may have wandered over many subjects, but convey, I trust, that sense of the utilitarianism which governs our intentions and efforts. But in concluding them, it should not be forgotten that those who have lent so sympathetic ear—and something much more substantial—to an appeal in favour of an artistic scheme, in connection with which my own signature has been somewhat liberally broadcast all over the country, will rightly expect a frank statement regarding the progress of the projected Centenary Theatre. The yet prevailing limited conditions did not prevent the Dramatic and Operatic Classes from proving their customary activity. The small platform—even when treated by Mr. Acton Bond's ingenuity—may have been just big enough, and no more, to contain Sir Arthur Pinero's stalwart "Amazons." But the director of the other class could hardly have hit upon an opera better calculated to exhibit its indifferent dimensions than Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," in which the scene represents a theatre upon the stage. Certainly that theatre had a very full house! Probably the selection was purposely meant to serve as an object-lesson on difficulties overcome and a justification of our aspirations for much more elbow-room. Perhaps Mr. Cairns James and Mr. Beauchamp can tell us how it was so successfully managed. In any case, these attempts were nothing less than achievements on the part of all concerned—masters and students. As the matter stands at present—although the public contribution-box is still open—quite widely so—the authorities here are determined to practise what they preach, and carry out the scheme as speedily as possible. The ground has been acquired, the neighbouring houses have been bought, the plans are ready, and only await their ratification by the ground-landlords. Whether that final approval rests with His Majesty's "Woods" or His Majesty's "Forests," I am not in a position to state definitely. But just at this moment I can't help thinking that we very much resemble Macbeth when expectantly waiting for these trees to move. The spade is quite ready, and so are we. That this long detention may be graciously overlooked are my last words to-day. The students will, in their own way, effectively assure His Royal Highness how gladly they all welcome his presence here.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT then distributed the prizes.

MR. PHILIP L. AGNEW said: Your Royal Highness, ladies, and gentlemen, it is my privilege and pleasure to be called upon to propose a vote of most cordial thanks to our president, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, for his graciousness in adding one more to the very many acts of kindness which he has shown to the Academy by coming here to-day to distribute the prizes. When you think of the very close and personal interest which His Royal Highness took in the Centenary Celebrations, when one considers, too, the number and infinite variety of the public duties he so delightfully performs, both in England and out of England, we are particularly grateful to him that he has spared the time to be with us to-day. On behalf of the governing bodies of the Academy

I can assure His Royal Highness that he is very welcome. His presence is certainly a great pleasure to us, but it is also a great help and encouragement to the students and professors alike; in fact, to all who devote their energies and abilities to the working of the Academy. This is not exactly a gala year. It lacks, perhaps, some of the glamour and excitement, or, as the Principal has expressed it in his address, "the effervescence" which bubbled over so vigorously last year. To such an extent did it bubble over that I should not have thought it altogether surprising if His Royal Highness in considering our invitation to these proceedings might have judged them to partake somewhat of the nature of an anti-climax, and preferred, on this occasion only, to give us a "miss." We are very grateful that he has not given us a "miss." We are gratified to think that in this connection he rather shares our view, which is that although it is interesting enough and important enough to be a hundred years old, it is equally interesting and equally important, and not less meritorious to be well advanced on the road to the second century, an achievement of which we may all be proud. I must not trespass further on your time and patience, and I will call on General Sir Alfred Balfour to second the resolution.

BRIG.-GENERAL SIR ALFRED G. BALFOUR, C.B., K.B.E.: Your Royal Highness, ladies, and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in seconding the resolution, and in doing so I should like to associate myself with everything which has been said; and even to emphasise how very deeply we appreciate your Royal Highness's presence among us here. It is a red-letter day of the Academy, and it is a great encouragement to the directors, teachers, and students to see the active interest you take, and have always taken, in their work. I beg to put the motion to the meeting; those who agree please signify in the usual way.

The resolution was enthusiastically carried.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT: Ladies and gentlemen, and especially pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, I should like to thank you most cordially for the very kind vote of thanks which you, the proposer and seconder, have submitted. I think I have said before that it requires very few words of mine to assure you of the continued interest I take in the Royal Academy of Music. It is to me a very pleasurable occasion to come among you and to show you how very keen I am that the Royal Academy of Music should keep up to the high standard which it has already formed. May I congratulate those who took part in the musical portion of the ceremony to-day on the very effective rendering they gave of the pieces that were submitted to you? I think they were exceptionally good, and I was very much struck with all of them, especially, if I may say so, with the pianoforte. I think it was charming. I am happy to think that we have now reached, I believe, the largest number of pupils which you have yet obtained at the Royal Academy, namely, 780. I am sure everybody will be interested to know that we are steadily increasing in numbers, as I am sure that we are increasing, if it is possible, in efficiency. And may I hope that those pupils, to whom I have had the pleasure of giving the prizes to-day, may always continue to put all their energy and all their sympathy into the work they are doing? They are preparing themselves for a very honourable profession, that of music; and the more they take seriously their tuition here, the greater will be their success in after life. I wish them a very happy future, and I am sure that if they take the full benefit of the very careful and laborious instruction that is given them here, they can look forward with some confidence to their future. May I thank you, one and all, again for the kind manner in which you have received me, and assure you of the pleasure that I have in being here to-day.

The National Anthem was sung, and the proceedings terminated.

Lætitia Lane.

By HARRY FARJEON.

She was of the kind of girls who look as though they couldn't say "Bo!" to a goose, and turn out able to say "Excelsior!" to an audience. You know the style: a perfectly quiet-looking, modest young lady comes on the platform, and you get ready to give the nice little thing your kindly encouragement through what, you feel sure, must be a tremendous ordeal for her. For a moment you are comfortably, though considerably, on top. Then she opens her mouth, and you are done. She has you. It is "Cannon to right" of you, "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorraine," or "Bells, bells!"—the number of times this high-souled young maid can say "Bells!" without blushing passes belief. Her assurance drains you of yours. You feel ashamed; you don't know where to look. You don't even put it to yourself, as any rational being surely would, "Why 'Lorree'?" No, you are there to be pulverized, and she, without mercy, pulverizes you.

It is generally conceded that no elocution or dramatic student could possibly ever obtain an engagement on the stage without knowing how to fill bars with rests, and therefore Lætitia was sent to my Elements class. In the hope of enhancing her chances with adamant actor-managers I plied her with intervals and led her over the dizzy depths of the chromatic scale. She had quite a natural sort of voice in real life, and there was nothing that particularly drew my attention to the girl until I saw on our notice boards award sheets stating that *both* the Charlotte Walters' Prizes for Elocution (a memorial which is now merely a memory) had been bestowed upon Lætitia Lane. "This intrigues me!" I would have said, only we didn't talk like that in those days. "What ho!" I remarked, instead, and set about making enquiries.

Miss Lane herself did not enlighten me.

"No one could be more surprised than I!" she modestly protested.

"I hardly think I *quite* deserved it."

"I quite think you hardly did," I agreed, and proceeded to tackle the Director of the Dramatic Class, who opportunely hove into sight; or, rather (more adequately to describe his deportment), glided into view.

"My dear fellow," he explained, "what could we do? What *could* we do? When one is given the whole of Shakespeare in a nutshell . . ." And I drew from him the story, sacred though the secrets of the examination-chamber should ever be.

Lætitia Lane had entered the room at the prescribed time—well, at any rate, the Board wasn't more than a couple of hours late—and had begun with "Nam, nem, nim, nom, num," or whatever it is they do instead of scales. (I often, without understanding, hear it going on in the next room: there is among us a fable that harmony and elocution make pleasant neighbours.) And then, advancing into the centre of the room, she had announced:

"Ode to Royalty, by Shakespeare."

The youngest member of the Board had murmured: "Ah, yes, of course." But the remainder had looked doubtful. Doubt melted into satisfaction, however, and satisfaction into rapture, as the young artist proceeded through her task, and at the end:

"What *could* we do? What could we *do*? Both the Walters Medals, of course, and bouquets and chocolates . . . a year's engagement with Beerbohm Tree (I saw to that myself) . . . tributes these, yes, but how slight!"

And when I had heard the Ode I emphatically agreed. Here it is :

ODE TO ROYALTY. Shakespeare.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown ;
It grows already sick and pale with grief
Contending with the fretful elements—
With slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous
Is mightiest 'gainst the mightiest. There's the rub !
Costly his habit as his purse can buy,
A thronèd monarch cleaves unto his crown
Though none but fools do wear it—cast it off !
He bears this precious jewel on his head
Shining like good deeds in a naughty world,
Yet is he slave to thousands ; even when
His little life is rounded with a sleep
And he, like Patience on a Monument,
Lies lifeless on a bank where wild thyme blows.

* * * * *
So ends this strange, eventful history.
Men come to bury Cæsars—not to praise them.

Club Doings.

The Annual Dinner took place at the Monico Restaurant on Thursday, July 26th, the President occupying the chair. There were 110 present, the guests being received on their arrival by Mrs. Threlfall, who kindly acted as hostess, and the occasion was in every way conspicuously successful, particularly in the happy geniality which characterised the proceedings. After the loyal toasts of (1) "The King," (2) "Queen Mary, Queen Alexander, and the other Members of the Royal Family," and (3) "The Duke of Connaught, President of the Royal Academy of Music," had been duly honoured, the CHAIRMAN proposed the toast of "The Royal Academy of Music, and the R.A.M. Club." He said:—

This toast is one which you will receive with the same mingled feelings as I have who propose it—gratitude and affection towards the old School who formed our youth, pride in her glorious history, and faith and high hope in her future. While the early years of the Academy presented many fluctuations of fortune, the curve of progress during the last thirty odd years has been consistently maintained on the upward grade. The Centenary, which we celebrated a year ago with due pomp and circumstance, found the Academy enjoying a condition of material prosperity which none of its founders ever foresaw or anticipated. Not only has the number of our students grown to well within reach of four figures, but we carry on our work in a beautiful and commodious house, eminently adapted—save in one direction—for the various duties and activities of the School. Never before in the history of the Royal Academy of Music had the Institution been called upon to justify itself to the nation. The attainment of the Centenary was the occasion for the ample gesture with which our Alma Mater displayed some of the results of her hundred years' work. And what splendid results ! Read the Centenary number of the Club *Magazine*, in which are summarised the doings of that

notable fortnight, and I am sure that you will agree with me that here is a roll and a record of which we may well be proud.

Now that the tumult and the shouting which attended the celebrations of last year have died, it may not be inopportune for me to pass in review some reflections suggested by the great event—to point a moral, or even, perhaps, to read a lesson for the future. For, to institutions as to individuals, success is sometimes dangerous ; and a prosperity which brings crass contentment with things as they are, which eliminates effort and cancels out initiative, is the sure precursor of relapse, retrogression and ultimate disaster. Our activities in the R.A.M. are mainly exercised in two different directions : primarily, they are artistic ; secondarily, they are educational. It has sometimes seemed to me of late years that there is some danger of the order of these roles becoming inverted. So far as mere bulk or mass is concerned the educational side of our work necessarily outweighs and overshadows the artistically productive. Now, I do not wish to speak slightly of our educational functions ; indeed, I, personally, have been credited with a faith in the educational value of music far transcending the ideas of the most enthusiastic specialist—but I hold firmly to the belief that it is only through the continued and sustained output in the artistic direction that the Academy will flourish. The day that our main purpose—the training and production of artists—goes into the background, that day will, I believe, see the advent of academic impotence and sterility ; and dissolution and final extinction will only be a matter of time.

Our chief function as a musical institution is the production of people concerned with the *making* of music—"poietes" or poets, as the old Greeks had it ; "makaris" or makers, as they were called long ago in our own country. The talking about other people's music-making, which is such a prominent feature of modern musical life, may fill a useful function in "the dissemination of doctrine," or may help to stir up that healthy ferment in which ideas germinate and out of which new truths are born ; but artistic production is our reason for existence, and everything else is only a by-product. For this reason I welcome the addition to our artistic resources which will be furnished by the projected opera house. I only hope that at the same time as we busy ourselves about the material problems of bricks and lime, scenery and lighting, and all the apparatus of the stage, we shall consider and make provision for that without which all this material equipment is null and void—I mean British opera written by British composers. I think it would be interesting and gratifying if we could inaugurate the opening of this theatre by a series of first performances of operas by members of the R.A.M. Club. For the same reason I welcome the return to his old school of one who is amongst the most distinguished artists who have been trained within its walls—I mean Sir Henry Wood. I regard his acceptance of the conductorship of the orchestra as the most important accession of strength which the Academy has received since that day, now some thirty-five years distant, when another great artist and old student returned to the school to take command and control as Principal.

In the thirty-five years of uninterrupted and continued prosperity which have elapsed since he assumed the office of Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Sir Alexander Mackenzie has steered the ship in success to security. In my humble opinion, ladies and gentlemen, the strongest asset in favour of the Academy during this long period has been the personality, the character, and the artistic ideals of its Principal. He has neither bowed the knee to the Baal of commercialism, nor has he offered up his artistic offspring to the Moloch of sensationalism ; and, animated by his example, the whole school has tried to live up to his ideals. The artist, hyper-sensitive as he is, buys the finest things that life offers—but

he buys them at the heaviest price. No joy in life, I think, equals the joy with which the artist views his finished work and calls it good; and he, above all others, is to be envied, who, in the evening of his days, can look down the vista of years and see the edifice of his life—that "dome of many-coloured glass"—supported on such pillars of noble achievement as "The Scottish Concerto," "The Pibroch," "Colomba," and a hundred others.

While the Club has little or no direct part in what I have called the chief activities of the school, it represents that element without which no real cohesion or unity is possible. Like the flux in the furnace, which softens and fuses the refractory ore, this element turns to useful purpose the fierce heats of professional competition, and unites in the service of the common cause conflicting and contradictory individual interests. The two people I have known—I might almost say the only two people I have known—who have most fully appreciated the value of this factor of academic life, are the late Stanley Hawley (whose premature death was not only a grief to his friends, but a heavy loss to his old school) and our dear friend, Dr. H. W. Richards. Just as the Academy is identified in our minds with the venerable figure of our Principal, so the idea of the Club inevitably calls up the personality of Dr. Richards. There is no need for me at a dinner of the R.A.M. Club to sing the praises or extol the virtues of Dr. Richards. If the Club is not his actual creation, it is largely through his interest and effort that it finds itself to-day in such a successful and prosperous condition. Indeed, if Dr. Macpherson will permit us to borrow something from St. Paul's, we might say of Dr. Richards to-night, "*Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.*"

Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE replied for the Academy. He said:—The fact that our Chairman has anticipated so many of the very choicest remarks which I had so carefully prepared, does not lessen a most hearty appreciation, either of the value, the good nature, or the affection for his old school, so admirably expressed. But there is one thing of which I cannot be robbed, and that is the grateful pleasure I feel on rising to speak once again to the time-honoured toast, and that pleasure is still further heightened by the fact that long custom has evidently not been able to stale the cordiality of the reception so kindly accorded to its responder, almost as ancient. With which statement I shall gracefully endeavour to dodge any reply to all the amiably delivered shots aimed at my humble person.

A lively recollection of last year's dinner overcomes me. A huge assemblage was spread over so large a space, that only a privileged few could catch an occasional sentence of what was being said. To-night, when returning to the less formal and more intimate conditions for which the Club exists and enjoys, we may well congratulate the R.A.M. on its first steps towards the completion of another century's work, under such encouraging symptoms and promises of continued usefulness and success. There is a terse, popular French saying, meant to convey the uselessness of trying to curb serious aspirations, or of stopping the inevitable, that you might as well "tie up your dog with sausages." The beautiful and refined metaphor is by no means inapplicable to the case of the Academy. For I fancy that it is eminently capable of an effective bite at most obstacles. And there can be but few additions or improvements—whether these touch either its educative side or the material comforts in the "spiritual home" of its students, which are not already provided for, or are under immediate consideration. I am not going to take advantage of a cheerfully inclined gathering such as this to trumpet about the artistic aims we try to pursue, in the highly stimulating—not to say very stirring—companionship of the Royal College.

Enough to say that all these (I am glad to say) united efforts are producing results of which both the schools may well be exceedingly proud.

His Royal Highness, the President, in his pleasant speech yesterday, said that he was particularly pleased with the pianoforte performance. To prevent that department from showing any signs of enlarged head, let me say that there are also some other classes of which we have a very good opinion.

When, at the end of the year, I have to interview many who come to say "Good-bye," I always ask how they have liked their stay with us. Well, the answer invariably is, "I have had a happy time; am very sorry to leave, and I hope to come back." Now that sort of feeling cannot be manufactured to order. It is something to be pleased with. And to be able to satisfy the sometimes exacting requirements of the present young ingenious, not to say ingenuous, generation, is rather a fine feather in the Academy's well-worn cap. And I am even more pleased at the getting of that sort of certificate from a student, than the giving of one to "Teach and Perform." Well, the genial spirit in the school must be evident to the most bilious of grizzlers. He need only observe the shining, radiant faces of the professors (at 6.30 in the evening), who are, after all, greatly responsible for the happy state of contentment.

I gave a solemn promise to our secretary, Mr. Creighton, not to indulge in reminiscences to-night—he has suffered sufficiently, and didn't want his evening spoilt, and not even wild historian-curators will induce me to break it. No, we are looking forward all the time. And, for one thing, our perturbed spirits are not likely to rest until the doors of that modest Centenary Theatre—to the building of which so many now present have so liberally, so handsomely contributed—are opened, and we shall have seen the first raising of the curtain. That will come! Friend Louis Parker, of last year's unforgettable pageant, your splendid plays, and the Principal's fine operas, for choice, will be seen and heard, on the spot where the disused wash-house now stands, while we are yet young and hopefully ambitious. Seriously, ladies and gentlemen, although Rome may not have been built in a day—not to mention the fact that it does seem a longer way to Tipperary than we expected—there is every reasonable hope that the faith which is said to move mountains—and maybe Governmental departments—will now speedily and successfully prevail.

Now, there are several very important toasts to dispose of while we are still able, and I have already stood much too long in their way. The famous lines in "Bombastes Furioso" come to me. (Oh! it's quite all right, Mr. Creighton, I'm not forgetting.) They run:

"So have I heard on Afric's burning shore,
Another lion gave a grievous roar,
And the first lion thought the last a bore!"

More than contented with the share of roaring allowed me, I'll take no further risks, but will sit down with one more very sincere expression of thanks on behalf of the Academy for the loving reception of its name, and your good wishes for its future welfare.

Dr. H. W. RICHARDS, in replying for the Club, said:—To respond to this toast is a serious undertaking, for as I look round I see I have to speak for a large number of delightful people, whose artistic ability is only exceeded by their fascination. I will do my best and begin by thanking our President for all he has kindly said about the Club, the Committee, and Mr. Baker, for their strenuous work, and for those social evenings when we always hear the best music performed by the finest artists. These evenings are now social in the best sense of the term, and

at such functions we forget all our troubles and our self-importance. We realise that at such gatherings we get pleasure, experience, and an education which cannot be supplied in any other way, and it is impossible to overrate the influence or gauge the importance of meeting together as we do on a level, and as students and friends.

To respond adequately to this toast is hard—about as hard as the toast which we get served to us in the luncheon room! It is not only hard, but there is not enough of it, so I am going to take the liberty of supplying the deficiency by proposing, in a few words, the health of our esteemed President. We all know and love his music—I can't answer for the 150 symphonies which he has at Abercorn Place—we admire his grit, his initiative, his cultivated mind, his driving force, and his modesty. It is the last of these that caused the toast list to be so incomplete, but it is his "driving force" that I am personally up against. I like occasionally—only occasionally—to have a nice quiet "grouse" all to myself; perhaps saying under my breath, "I don't care an Amsterdam for this or a Rotterdam for that," etc., when I feel a delicate touch on my shoulder, like the touch of a detective—we all know what that is like—and sure enough there is McEwen suggesting that something or other ought to be done. Now, I object to be interrupted in this way, when I am really enjoying myself—it is all due to indigestion, but it is an enormous relief to the system!

Our President is a great musician and a fine man—a rare combination—and I want you all to drink his health in a deep draught, assure him of our gratitude, and then turn yourselves into robust-vocalists, and join with me in giving him a *fortissimo* interpretation of that well-known classic: "For he is a jolly good fellow."

The CHAIRMAN briefly returned thanks.

Miss DOROTHY RATH then recited admirably "Seamus Beg" and "To Market" (*James Stephens*) and "Pierrot" (*John Drinkwater*).

Dr. CHARLES MACPHERSON proposed "The Guests." He said:—The pleasant duty has fallen to me of proposing the health of our visitors, of whom we have many distinguished ones present. If I were to say all I ought to it would take so long, that at the close of these remarks the subjects of these eulogies would have come to consider themselves as permanent residents rather than visitors. We have with us Mr. Pett Ridge, the well-known novelist, about whom it is almost unnecessary to do more than mention his name. It may be only a rumour that he is engaged on writing a treatise on the "Binomial Theorem," but if the rumour should be correct, I feel certain that Mr. Pett Ridge's lighter works will still retain the foremost place in our affections. We have with us, too, Mr. Charles L. Graves, whose contributions to *Punch* we all know so well. In the very dim past ages, certain scoffers used to say that *Punch* was produced for the benefit of Scotsmen—Dr. Johnson and the surgical operation—the constant serving up of the same joke in different forms being the operation supposed to be necessary for driving home the joke into the heads of the inhabitants north of the Tweed. By the way, I believe that Dr. Johnson is quite wrongly reported in this matter, and that he twisted round to his own use the saying of an old Scot to the effect that "a surgical operation was not always successful in knocking a bad joke out of an Englishman's head." However, that by the way. The advent of such men as Mr. Graves, and many of his predecessors, changed all that, and *Punch*—the like of which could exist in no other country—now occupies an unique position in our hearts. One of the best "mentions" that a man can have after being "mentioned in despatches" is an "honourable mention" in *Punch*. Long may the sharp brain—and pencil—of Mr. Graves help to maintain this tradition. Another distinguished visitor is Mr. Kenneth Barnes. His intimate con-

nection with the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and his important work there, need no words of commendation. He is an old friend of mine and we have "ploughed the fields" and done a bit of "scattering" together on the golf course. On one occasion it was very instructive to observe how a man in time of relaxation is more or less unconsciously influenced by the nature of his calling. Mr. Barnes, in addressing the ball, was never at a loss for a picturesque and telling pose: while his complete mastery of the English language always furnished him with just the right word, said in just the right way, should he happen to miss the ball. Of course, in remarks such as these one draws a little on the imagination. If I have in any way disturbed the evergreen turf of truth, I apologise to Mr. Barnes, and humbly replace the "divot."

Another old friend is here, Mr. Claude Aveling, the genial Registrar of the Royal College of Music. In the intervals when he is not acting in this capacity, he devotes himself to literature, and in this sphere of work he has made many contributions, both in original works and translations. It often happens that stray members of the Royal Academy find themselves lunching at the College, and it is no mere compliment to say that Mr. Aveling always makes them feel at home. So much so is this the case, that one feels quite unruffled by incidents—such as the following—which have to do with questions relating to one's personal appearance. Sir Hugh Allen said, "I say, Macpherson, how do you people at the Academy manage to keep your hair on?" Of course, the obvious answer (which one never thinks of at the right moment) was, "We don't lose it!" but what I really said was, that at the Academy we were all very loyal, and in duty bound we followed the example set by our beloved Principal.

I have to associate this toast with the name of Mr. Frank Roscoe, whose name is familiar to all of us, or at any rate to such who happen to be teachers, for as Secretary to the Teachers' Registration Council, he has discharged for many years duties highly important to all who are interested or engaged in education.

Mr. FRANK ROSCOE having replied in a witty and brilliant speech, Mr. JEAN POGNET, accompanied by Miss BETTY HUMBY, played "La Précieuse" (*Couperin—Kreisler*) and Prelude and Allegro (*Pugnani—Kreisler*), and being recalled by enthusiastic applause, added another short piece.

Mr. LOUIS N. PARKER then proposed "The Ladies." He said:—Mr. President, Gentlemen—By my omitting to mention the ladies you know I am going to talk about them. As a matter of fact, I have the privilege of proposing their health. I did so last year, and I am happy to see with what excellent results. Here they all are again, with heartier appetites, more beautiful, and younger than twelve months ago. I wonder why this amiable duty devolves on me so often? Do I trace a spice of malice in the command? Is it possible my friend Percy Baker says to himself, "Parker has said all he knows about the ladies; let's put him up for them again, and see him flounder"? Ah, my dear Baker, I have not said all I know about them. If I had, I should not be here. You must remember that I have been adoring the charming, the alluring, the fascinating, the devastating sex for more than seventy years; adoring them with exemplary constancy, not merely to one, but to all. In those seventy years I have accumulated an amount of experience which will make a remarkable chapter in my reminiscences, to be published in four quarto volumes, at one guinea each, for which orders may now be booked. There I shall tell all I know, but I realise that neither I, nor any other man, knows everything. The greatest charm and the greatest strength of Woman is that she is unknowable. There has never, in the entire history of the world, been any one man who has fathomed any one woman.

Imagine what power that gives her over us, my brethren. We call ourselves the lords of creation, but woman is outside creation. As you remember, she was an afterthought. That is why she is like nothing else on earth; and that is why, to us, poor clods, made out of primeval slime, she, who is made of nobler material, will always remain a mystery. Always we shall wonder how so divine a being could have been fashioned, even out of one of our ribs, noble though those ribs be. And it is because woman was made after man that she always knows just one thing more than the wisest man knows: she knows the man. We all of us, my brothers, are subconsciously aware of this uncanny gift of hers, and we quail under her calm gaze. They say woman has no sense of humour; but that is one of the great world errors. Woman has no need to laugh at our puny jejune jokes—because all her time is occupied in laughing at that gigantic permanent joke: Us. And yet I am not at all sure woman really exists. I have a theory that Adam dreamt that episode about his rib, and that his dream has descended to us. Do we not still call woman a lovely vision? Is she not so elusive that in our moments of rapture we cannot fix her concrete outward shape, but call her variously a lily, a rose, pet lamb, old woman when she is eighteen, old girl when she is eighty, mouse, birdie, and even duck? What is "darling" but a dream-word, signifying nothing? If two people look at a pillar-box, both see a scarlet pillar-box; but does a lover see the same girl the same girl's brother sees? All goes to prove that she is not a fact, but the airy fabric of a vision.

But I leave this metaphysical speculation to be grappled with by cooler and perhaps more sober heads than mine. Especially as there is at least one real woman in this room, who blows all my theorising to the winds. I mean the lady with whose name I have the honour of coupling this toast—Lady Cooper. I had the privilege of working under Lady Cooper's command when her husband was Lord Mayor of London, and I have never got over it. The Lord Mayor's Pageant takes place in November—the month of mud and muck; but I seemed to be working in a blaze of sunshine. She was so cheerful that I have remained cheerful ever since. I proposed impossibilities, hoping to stump her; but she made light of them. I asked for millions of flowers—in November. She smiled, and the city bloomed like a rose. I asked for I don't know how many hundreds of beautiful young ladies. She held up her little finger, and there they were. I said they must walk—no, dance—eight miles through the city streets. They looked glum, but she glanced at them, and they danced; and when they got home they wanted to start all over again. That was my experience of Lady Cooper. I daresay many of you have met her on graver occasions; but I will swear you have the same impression of her—smiling, strenuous, hopeful, encouraging, and undismayed: in every sense a helper and a leader. I give you the health of the Ladies, coupled with the inspiring name of Lady Cooper.

LADY COOPER: It is quite an easy task to return thanks for my sister guests, the only difficulty is to find suitable words to express what I should like to say. For, indeed, the theme is one I could discourse on for hours and hours without getting exhausted. Whether you would be tired is of no moment whatever. For it is our one object—to draw you a picture of our wit, elegance, charm, fascination, besides a hundred other virtues and accomplishments, whereby to whet your admiration, if possible, to still greater heights. And you, gentlemen, are endowed with a special and rare gift of perception. You know a good thing when you see it, and are also able to select what is really worthy. Indeed, at certain times of our lives we depend greatly, if not entirely, to your astute powers of selection, namely in the golden days of courtship which lead up to marriage, and when true love is the centre-point it means

happy homes. It never dies, we hope, although we pass on one by one to another larger world of fulfilment. We thank you, gentlemen, for your courteous welcome to us. You are dear persons. We think the world of you, although it may not be good policy to tell you so, and one of the most delightful ways of spending an evening is to do so with you at the R.A.M. Club dinner.

The proceedings then terminated.

Mems. about Members and Others.

On March 23rd Mr. Archie H. Higgo gave the first of a chronological series of lectures to the students of the Grahamstown Training College, S.A., on "Old Keyboard Music and Musicians," with illustrations. Mr. Higgo, accompanied by his wife, expects to be in London this autumn for a holiday.

Mr. Plunket Greene gave a lecture-recital "How to sing a song" before the Music Teachers' Association at Mortimer Hall on July 21st.

The Tobias Matthey Pianoforte School gave five invitation recitals, four at Wigmore Hall, on July 13th, 17th, 19th, and 20th, and one at Queen's Hall, on July 24th. About £130 was collected to help the Students' Aid Fund of the T.M.P.S. The Chappell gold medal was presented to Miss Peggy Palmer, and the result of the annual medal competitions was announced.

Congratulations to Miss Winifred Christie, who has now become Mrs. Moor.

Mr. George Aitken gave a lecture at Mortimer Hall on June 28th entitled, "Pianoforte Music, Absolute and Descriptive," with illustrations by his pupils.

Miss Marion de Boer, a pupil of Mrs. Russell Starr, gained the Associated Board silver medal, having been awarded the second highest marks for pianoforte playing in the British Isles. She received her medal from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace on July 2nd.

Messrs. Joseph Williams, Ltd., are about to issue a new book by Mr. Stewart Macpherson, entitled, "The Appreciation Class: A Guide for the Teacher and the Student." At the invitation of Manchester teachers, Mr. Macpherson gave, in July, a series of five lectures on "The Work of the Modern Teacher," and five lecture-recitals on "The Keyboard Music of Bach and Beethoven, from the Historical, Critical and Interpretative Standpoints." He has again been asked by the Education Committee of the L.C.C. to give a course of ten lectures on "The Appreciation of Music" to the teachers in the administrative area of the County of London.

Madame Elsie Horne is giving lecture-recitals at Seven Kings on November 5th, at the Hackney Institute on November 17th, and at Ilford on November 27th. Her "Variations and Fugue" for two pianos was performed at Wigmore Hall, on October 20th, at a concert given by the Guild of Singers and Players.

Good wishes to Miss Peggy Cochrane on her engagement to Mr. Disney Cran, M.D., F.R.C.P.

Mr. Frederick Moore's pupils gave their annual pianoforte recital at Wigmore Hall on June 8th, Mr. Leonard Hubbard being the vocalist. A collection resulted in £60 14s. being sent to St. Dunstan's.

Between August 2nd and 25th Mr. Frederick Moore gave two lectures in Manchester and fourteen at Arnside—a Teachers' Holiday Course—on "Past and Present Pianoforte Playing," being an historical survey of music, methods of teaching, and keyboard instruments, from the 16th to the 20th century. He also gave four lectures on "Pianoforte Playing" at the Tobias Matthay Pianoforte School holiday course from September 10th to 13th.

Mr. Ernest Read delivered five lectures on "Aural Culture" and five on "Improvisation," at a holiday course at Arnside.

Two articles in the *Musical Times* for July and September on "Some Mendelssohn Letters" derive special interest for Academicians from the fact that these letters were addressed to a former Principal of the R.A.M., George A. Macfarren.

The Byrd Tercentenary was observed at Lincoln Cathedral by a Commemoration Service, under the direction of Dr. G. J. Bennett.

A new book by Mr. Ernest Fowles, "Music Competition Festivals," has been lately published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

Mr. Plunket Greene was one of the adjudicators at the Manitoba (Canada) Competition Festival held early in May.

Dr. Stanley Marchant was one of the adjudicators at the People's Palace (London, E.) Competition Festival in May, and conducted the final concert.

Mr. Ben Davies and Mr. Robert Radford were among the soloists at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace in June.

A series of articles on "The Growth of the Orchestra" is being contributed to *Musical Opinion* by Mr. Adam Carse.

In July, Mr. Alec Rowley gave a pianoforte recital of his own compositions at Trinity College of Music.

A perusal of the Promenade Concerts programme reveals many names familiar to the R.A.M. Amongst the vocalists we note Miss Caroline Hatchard, Miss Ethel Bilsland, Miss Bessie Kerr, and Mr. Maurice d'Oisley; amongst the pianists, Mr. York Bowen, Miss Dorothy Howell, Miss Myra Hess, Mr. Claude Pollard, Miss Harriet Cohen, Mr. Arthur Alexander, Mr. Vivian Langrish, and Mr. Egerton Tidmarsh; and solo violin, Mr. Jean Pougnet and Mr. Charles Woodhouse. Amongst works by Academy composers were set down for performance, "Benedictus" (Mackenzie), "Mediterranean" (Bax), Di Ballo Overture (Sullivan), Pianoforte Concerto in D minor (Dorothy Howell), "The Pierrot of the Minute" (Bantock), Welsh Rhapsody (German), "Britannia" Overture (Mackenzie), Symphonic Variations in E, for pianoforte and orchestra (Bax), "The Merry Makers" Overture, and Masque and Valsette (Eric Coates), "The Naiads" Overture (Sterndale Bennett), Four Dances from "The Rebel Maid" (Montague Phillips), Variations on "Three Blind Mice" (Holbrooke) Symphonic Poem, "Lamia" (Dorothy Howell), Ballet Music from an Opera "St. John's Eve" (Mackenzie), Three Dances from "Nell Gwyn" (German), Suite, "Joyous Youth" (Eric Coates), Overture "Youth, Sport and Loyalty" (Mackenzie), Symphonic Poem, "Villon" (Wallace), Aria, "O Vision Entrancing" (Goring Thomas), and Aria "Woo thou thy Snowflake" (Sullivan).

Mr. Acton Bond was one of the adjudicators at the Leamington Competition Festival held in June.

Dr. H. W. Richards, Dr. F. G. Shinn (for London), and Dr. G. J. Bennett (for the Provinces) were elected members of the R.C.O. Council last July.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie's opera, "The Cricket on the Hearth" was performed this summer in Glasgow and also at Halifax, under the direction of Mr. J. Ainslie Murray.

An article by Mr. Alec Rowley on "Teachers and Teaching" was given in the September *Music Teacher*.

"Chords," an article by Mr. Ernest Fowles, appeared in the October *Music Teacher*, which also contained articles on "Frank Bridge and the Piano," by Miss Katharine E. Eggar, and "Organists," by Mr. Alec. Rowley.

Madame Elsie Horne's song, "Gorse and Heather," was sung at the Albert Hall Ballad Concert, on October 27th, by Miss Flora Woodman. It was also broadcasted during the same month in conjunction with "Where Daffodils Grow," at the London Wireless Station, the composer playing the accompaniments.

"Screechowlski no More,"

OR "THE PIPES OF PEACE."

It is the Futurist,
And he has grown so queer,
He cannot keep to any key;
For reasons not quite clear.

He starts in B, then squirms
Through C to double flats;
Just nodding at the dominant,
While imitating cats.

No Common Time for him;
He never writes a bar
Of crotchets less than five or nine—
Too generous by far!

Not loud enough is *forte*,
Not even double *f*;
Regardless of the public ear,
That's not entirely deaf.

Presto is too slow,
Prestissimo likewise.
Prestississimo might do—
But that way madness lies.

Kind Futurist, in Music
If you would win your stripes
As Corporal—Mus. Bac. perhaps—
Then turn you to the pipes.

Just learn to skirl and twirl,
And practise all you can;
'Twill cheer the heart and soothe the
soul,
Of Street's much-talked-of Man.

LOUISA H. GRANT.

—From the *Scottish Musical Magazine*.

Organ Recitals.

Mr. H. L. Balfour, at the Church of the Ascension, Balham (Oct. 11th), and St. Paul's, Knightsbridge (July 7th).

Dr. G. J. Bennett, at Lincoln Cathedral (September).

Mr. G. D. Cunningham, at Bingley Hall, Birmingham (Aug. 11th).

Mr. Fred. Gostelow, at Luton Parish Church (Sept. 26th), and at Baptist Chapel, Chatteris (Oct. 8th).

Mr. E. J. Hickox, at Ramsden Road Baptist Church, Balham (Sept. 3rd).

Dr. C. Macpherson, at St. Paul's, Portman Square (June), and at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge (July 28th).

Mr. J. A. Sowerbutts, at St. Stephen's, Walbrook (July).

New Music.

- Aitken, George.*
 "Exile" (for pianoforte) Augener Ltd.
 "Enigma" and "Butterfly" (for pianoforte)
 "Barcarola" (for pianoforte)
- Carse, Adam.*
 Rhythm Tunes for Pianoforte
- Cochrane, Peggy.*
 "Tig" (for pianoforte) Anglo-French Music Co.
- Dale, B. J.*
 "Prunella" (for pianoforte) Augener Ltd.
 Do. (for violin and pianoforte)
- Farjeon, Harry.*
 Two Free Fugues for pianoforte Bosworth & Co.
 "The Art of Piano Pedalling" (2 vols.) J. Williams, Ltd.
 "Heroic Elegy" (for pianoforte) Paxton
 "The Truants" (song) E. Ashdown
- Hare, Amy*
 Four Song Albums Frederick Harris Co.
 Album for Violin and Piano
- Hinton, Arthur.*
 Four Pastoral Sketches for Pianoforte—(1) "The
 Lonely Reaper," (2) "The Reaper's Romance,"
 (3) "Birds on the Wing," (4) "Morning Song" ... Reid Bros.
 Two Oriental Sketches for Pianoforte—(1) "An
 Eastern Lament," (2) "A Chinatown Festivity"
- Horne, Elsie.*
 Valse Caprice (for pianoforte duet) Murdoch & Co.

Lord Westmorland's "Ghost."

The following letter appeared in *Musical Opinion* for August:—
 Mr. Frederick Corder, in his most interesting and recently published
 "History of the Royal Academy of Music," says the operas of the
 founder of the institution, Lord Westmorland, "are not calculated to
 arouse a vivid interest in the minds of musicians or the general public.
 The uncommon thing about them is that, while their musical ideas are of
 the dullest, the technique of the writing is uncommonly good—in fact,
 irreproachable. In this they differ diametrically from amateur efforts in
 general. I wonder if there were *ghosts* in those days!"

Lord Westmorland's musical "ghost" was no other than Michele
 Enrico Carafa, who was of noble birth like his patron. He was, as a
 nobleman, Marquis and Duke Carafa di Colobrano, and his family gave
 to the old kingdom of Naples some distinguished statesmen and to the
 Church of Rome several notable cardinals, monsignors and abbots. He
 was, however, in spite of his noble birth, as poor as the proverbial church
 mouse; and, though a clever amateur composer and pianist, was at first
 more anxious to shine in Napoleon's great army than in the world of
 music. He was decorated by the great Emperor for his services in the

ill-fated Russian campaign of 1812, but the subsequent fall of the French
 Empire compelled him to turn his attention again to music.

Carafa first met the future founder of the Royal Academy of Music
 at the International Congress in Vienna. When the Royal Academy of
 Music came into existence in the year 1822, the greatest success of the
 Parisian operatic stage was Carafa's opera, "Le Solitaire," the libretto
 of which is based on a novel of another nobleman, the Viscount d'Arlin-
 court. Lord Westmorland did not forget his Italian noble friend and
 "ghost," and was most anxious to secure his services as principal professor
 of composition at the Royal Academy of Music. But Carafa received very
 bad reports of the climate of England. He was told by Italian opera
 singers, returning after the end of the London opera season, that it was
 "worse than Russia." This was sufficient for Carafa to decline Lord
 Westmorland's offer with thanks. He then accepted from Cherubini
 the post of professor of composition at the Paris Conservatoire. Here he
 was extraordinarily successful, and a number of prominent French com-
 posers passed through his hands in the course of nearly half a century.
 In this he bears a curious resemblance to Mr. Corder in his training of
 the present generation of young English composers at the Royal Academy
 of Music. But this did not prevent Carafa having a poor opinion of
 French music in general. It was certainly not a case of professional
 jealousy; it was simply limited musical sympathies. All German music,
 after Haydn and Mozart and their imitators, was repulsive to him. In
 fact, the only contemporary foreign composer Carafa had any esteem for
 was an Englishman, Sir Henry Bishop. Carafa, of course, never had an
 opportunity of hearing Bishop's music in London, but his patron, Lord
 Westmorland, sent him an almost complete collection of the English
 composer's vocal scores. These, Carafa often slyly remarked, provided
 him with "many valuable hints" for his French and Italian operas.
 The favourite godson of Carafa, who was a school-fellow and intimate
 lifelong friend of my father, described his godfather in his old age as
 having the appearance of an Egyptian mummy. He was always com-
 plaining of not being able to get rid of a cold he caught at Moscow in
 1812, nearly half-a-century after the event, and was actually seen
 "roasting" himself in front of a blazing fire in his bedroom on the
 hottest day of the year.

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

Academy Letter.

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught graciously presided at the Annual
 Prize Distribution, held at Queen's Hall, on Wednesday, July 25th. A
 full report of the proceedings will be found on page 6.

The authorities have decided to place upon the walls of the Academy
 the boards bearing the names of our scholars, exhibitors and prize-
 holders, which, since leaving Tenterden Street, have been relegated to
 the obscurity of the basement store-rooms. They are to be brought up
 to date as far as the Centenary year. This action on the part of the
 Committee will be welcomed by our students, past and present; indeed,
 musicians generally could hardly fail to be interested in such historic
 lists as the Mendelssohn scholars, the King's, Sterndale-Bennett, and
 Parepa Rosa scholars, the Charles Lucas prizetakers, etc., the names of
 many of the holders of these distinctions having become household words
 in the world of music.

The entry at Michaelmas Term was again exceptionally heavy, a good number of candidates being rejected, chiefly owing to lack of further accommodation.

The first event of importance in the term was the examination of all the string players by Sir Henry Wood, who allocated each student to the orchestra (senior or junior) according to the latter's attainments.

The Principal had his first experience of broadcasting on Monday, October 15th, when he conducted a representative selection of his works, including the Scottish Pianoforte Concerto, excellently played by Miss Hilda Dederich, the ballet music from "The Eve of St. John," the first number of the "London Day by Day" suite, and the "Britannia" overture. These items received a most effective interpretation, and the hearty applause of the orchestra after each proved how thoroughly they were appreciated by the performers. This enthusiasm seems to have been equally shared by those "listening-in," as far as one could gather.

The Annie M. Child scholarship has now been founded, and the first competition was fixed for the end of October. The value of the scholarship is about £17 10s. per annum, and it is awarded for the best performance of certain selected recitations, candidates also being required to answer questions on the selection, technique and interpretation of the prepared pieces.

The terminal orchestral concert was given at Queen's Hall on June 18th, Sir Henry J. Wood conducting. The programme consisted of Brahms' second symphony, Prelude to Act 3, Die Meistersinger, Franck's Symphonic Variations for pianoforte and orchestra, played by Miss Annie Winter, Violin Concerto in B minor (Saint-Saëns) played by Mr. Alfred Cave, Pianoforte Concerto in C sharp minor (Rimsky-Korsakov), played by Miss Elsie Betts, and songs by Wagner and Goring Thomas.

The usual terminal chamber concerts took place on May 28th and July 4th. At the former of these the Brahms' trio for violin, horn, and pianoforte was played in memory of the late Adolph Borsdorf and W. H. Thomas. In addition to these, a special chamber concert was given on June 13th by pupils of the Junior Department. On this interesting occasion a fairy play, written by Betty Humby, when in her thirteenth year, was produced.

A course of lectures on Musical History was given by Dr. Shinn during Midsummer Term.

The following Associates have been elected: Dorothy Hogben and Fédora Turnbull.

Two performances of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" were given on May 23rd and 24th, in the Duke's Hall, by members of the dramatic class, under the direction of Mr. A. Acton Bond, the cast being varied each evening.

The following scholarships have been awarded:—Ada Lewis scholarships: Mavis E. Backer and Alexander Kirk (violin); Winifred E. Read (violoncello); Naomi Harben (harp). John Thomas Welsh scholarship: Luned L. Jones. George Mence Smith scholarship: David Y. Williams. Elizabeth Stokes open scholarship (pianoforte): Betty Humby. Elizabeth Stokes scholarship (pianoforte): Audrey C. Ellis. W. H.

Notices.

1.—"The R.A.M. Club Magazine" is published three times a year and is sent gratis to all members on the roll. No copies are sold.

2.—Members are asked kindly to forward to the Editor any brief notices relative to themselves for record in the Magazine.

3.—New Publications by members are chronicled but not reviewed.

4.—All notices, &c., relative to the Magazine should be sent to Mr. J. Percy Baker, 12, Longley Road, Tooting Graveney, S.W. 17.

The Committee beg to intimate that those members of Branch A who desire to receive invitations to the meetings of Branch B, should notify the same to Miss Rynie Thomson, at the Royal Academy of Music.

N.B.—Tickets for meetings at the Academy must be obtained beforehand, as money for guests' tickets may not be paid at the door. Disregard of this rule may lead to refusal of admittance.